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THE VOICE OF
ONE CRYING

THE VOICE OF ONE CRYING

BY ELIZABETH GIBSON CHEYNE

ARRANGED IN CYCLES BY T. K. C.



ADAM &
CHARLES
BLACK

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TO
MY HUSBAND

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THE SERVANT

I AM the servant of the Eternal ; and
I will serve no other master.

Other masters come to me, offering me high wages, rich food, and much comfort ;

But their fine offers are no temptation to me.

Faithfulness to my Master is no virtue in me ; for my will inclines to Him continually, and I was born to be His servant.

I do not want the things that other masters offer,

Because I consider them burdens that I should have to carry as I go about my work.

My Master is clean from worldliness, unassailable by the breath of Time, and free from tradition ;

And because I love these conditions, His service is natural to me.

THE BURDEN

I AM growing blind and deaf, and worldly wisdom says that I am losing my wits.

I carry a burden on my back, and cannot be parted from it, for it has grown into my shoulder :

It is the burden of pain—of my own pain, and of all men's pain.

I am conscious of the burden when I eat and when I sleep, when I weep and when I make merry.

The religious say it is wicked to carry it ; the wise say it is foolish to carry it ; and the indifferent say it is unnecessary to carry it :

None of them understand that it is part of myself.

And though, sometimes, I cry out when its pain is unbearable,

For the greater while, I am secretly proud and glad of the burden,

Because, through it, I am made one with the burden-bearers of all the ages—my Masters and my Deliverers ;

And the burden may pass through the gate of the grace of God into the places of understanding.

Because of the burden, I have learned the secrets of life and death, of birth and rebirth,

of goodness and evil, of sorrow and joy, of humanity and divinity, of nature and super-nature.

I have learned the proportion of heavenly things to earthly things, and the relation of sin to righteousness ;

And I can discern the great in the kingdom of heaven.

But I dare not tell these secrets, which are only communicated by God to man ;

Every man must learn them for himself ;

And no man can learn them till he desires understanding beyond life itself ;

And no man can have understanding, until he carries the burden.

THE CARRIER

IF the Poet bears the sorrows of the
whole world,
He also carries the joys of the
whole earth ;

And, if you asked him, he would not be able
to tell you which of the burdens was the more
exhilarating,

Or which of them he would prefer to part
with.

ADVENTURE



ADVENTURE is the breath of life ;
and no man can fully live, except in
the heart of adventure.

The dull are afraid to commit
themselves to adventure ;

They chain their chairs to their hearth-
stones, and die of monotony.

The mean begrudge the price of adventure,
as they need to spend all on self-advertisement,
to be thought rich.

The coward fears the million waves and the
innumerable winds of the incalculable earth.

The stupid dreads the widening of his
sympathies.

The ignorant dreads the burden of know-
ledge.

The adventurer lives a hundred lives in his
mortal lifetime ;

In his youth and health, his glory is in
coming and going and doing ;

In his age and infirmity, his glory is in
recounting all that has been,

And in speculating on all that is to be in the
life beyond the grave.

THE REWARD

IF a man spends his life in crying to the afflicted, the sorrowful, the weak, the oppressed : “ Come unto me ! ”

On one day of his life, whether early or late in its varied course, one will come unto him — one of the afflicted, the sorrowful, the weak, or the oppressed, who will abide with him forever, as his heart's heart, his soul's soul, his life's life :

Great is the reward of the crier of : “ Come unto me ! ”

GOD'S NEED



HERE is no moment when God does
not need man,

From the rising of morning till
the falling of night ;

From the falling of night till the rising of
morning ;

From the dawn of life till the setting of life.

God may even need man from the dawn of
the universe to the setting of the universe.

Man is the myriad expression of the mani-
fold mind of God.

God can only manifest Himself finally and
fully in some radiant human being.

Man is the aider of the divine purpose,
through his intense cultivation of his divine
instincts.

God can do nothing without man's co-opera-
tion :

He can make no man good against his will ;

He cannot give the world a message unless
a man is ready to be a prophet, and to accept
the reward of a prophet,

Or to be a poet, and to accept the wage of a
poet.

God cannot bring a babe to birth without the
help of man.

God is as derivative from man as man is
derivative from God.

Therefore let man realise his supreme responsibility

In furthering by acquiescence, in hindering by opposition, or in delaying by indifference the divine progress.


Man can comfort his loving God, as a child comforts its parent.

God can only live, so long as there is religion :

When man realises that God lives on the bread of his devotion and on the fruits of his sacrifice, he will not begrudge to lay his life upon the altar,

Lest his loving God die of neglect, and lack of sustenance.

IN OBSCURITY

OD is content to dwell in obscurity,
Revealing Himself only in Nature,
and in the dimness of men's minds.
Man is not content to live in
obscurity,

But advertises himself in a thousand paltry
ways, by means of riches, egotism, nationality.

If man were content to live in obscurity,

God might be enabled to reveal Himself more
fully.

THE SOPORIFIC

MANY men read, to stifle thought ; because they are afraid of its inciting them to noble action—


To the realising of others' sorrows, the consoling of their afflictions, and the redressing of their wrongs ;

And afraid of its leading them out of their easygoing selves into the being of a strenuous god, to whom every action, and every period of inaction, are of infinite consequence, according to their innate quality.

Desultory reading chokes the mind, till it is incapable of thought ; but reading, in addition to thought, may be an incentive, or even an inspiration.

The wise reads only what induces thought.

THE LYRE

HE lyre of song must be strung with the cords of imagination, and played upon by the hands of life, before anything but discord can issue thence.

They who string the lyre with fancy or conceit or any other cords than the cords of imagination, are but children, playing an air for children.

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EVANESCENCE



HEY, who have no stability, and no
inherent power of concentration,
complain of evanescence.

They say : “ Dawn and sunset,
dew and stars,

Tears and smiles, flowers and songs,
Kisses and embraces, mist and moonlight,
Rainbows and shadows, are evanescent ;
And, having no permanence, are of no value,
and are not worth experiencing.”

But they, who have stability, and an inherent
power of concentration,

Find these things the only permanences
In an unreal world of material tangibilities.

IMPERISHABLE MEMORIES

MAN'S imperishable memories are his times of realisation—the rare and flashing times when he captures a meaning of life ;

His times of supreme giving, in which he becomes God ;

His times of entire receiving, when he is wholly man ;

His times of sacred rebirth, through love, or labour, or sacrifice ;

And the times of his passing from one life to another.

PRECIOUS

MAN takes the least care of what is most precious :

He throws away his own life, through dissipation, neglect, or violence ;


He throws away other men's lives, through cruelty, greed, or oppression ;

He does not welcome his children as divine gifts, but resents them as unfortunate accidents and disturbers of his amusements ;

He considers that war is a wholesome reducer of the sum of life.

. Man's disregard of the preciousness of life is a screen between him and life's glory.

NEAR AND DISTANT

LMOST every evil, that can befall a man, arises from his lack of the sense of proportion.

The conceivableness of time by man makes eternity inconceivable to him :

Affairs of the moment look large, and matters of eternity look small ;

Near pleasure seems desirable, and everlasting happiness unattractive through being far and faintly descried.

The only way for men to avoid being entangled by time is to cultivate the consciousness of eternity.

LEVELS OF LIFE

HE, who treads the depths, treads also the heights.

HHe, who treads a dull level, treads neither the depths nor the heights, and is either indifferent to or unconscious of both ;

And his foot needs to slip, so that he may fall into the depths. and look up and see the heights, and aspire to and reach them.

Every upward step a man takes is on some other man's level of life ;

Therefore every traveller to the heights learns the secret of universal sympathy.

The higher a man mounts, the more levels he discovers ;

For he reaches levels, that were hidden in the clouds, when he was climbing below them.

REALITY AND ITS COUNTERFEIT

HE, who is true to reality, may well be negligent of its personator, appearance ;

Reality gives eternal satisfaction to a man's self and his God ;

Appearance gives doubtful and momentary pleasure to the indiscriminating world.

Reality demands supreme devotion to everlasting Truth ;

Appearance demands the obliterating of conscience and the searing of the soul.

It is because a man's senses come between himself and all other objects, that he fails to realise that the apparent is seldom the real,

And spends his life in sacrificing to the apparent.

But when a man's senses are fading away, in the illumination of death,

He begins to distinguish between the apparent and the real,

And seizes the real, to begin his new life with.

MAN'S REASON OF EXISTENCE

MAN is set on earth for one purpose,
and for one purpose only—
To reveal to mankind the per-
sonality of God.

And every defaulting man, who does not
reflect the divine image of his all-glorious
Creator, or give some hint of Him in his
countenance, bearing, words, or actions,

Is a thief at the feast of life, an alien at the
court of love, and a traitor to the Universe, his
Mother,

That bore him, with unutterable pangs,
To perpetuate the likeness of his Father, God.

ETERNAL LIFE



WHEN man learns that Time is an illusion,
And that he is living in Eternity,
And that he is not man only, but
part of all creation,

He will greatly understand that there are no
past, no present, and no future,

And that every thought of his affects the
well-being of the universe.

Then he will be eager to make the present
beautiful,

And thereby make the past and the future
beautiful also,

Beautiful not only for himself, but for all
the dead, for all the born, and for all the
unborn ;

And he will learn that Love is one of the
parents of Beauty.

EVERLASTING

BECAUSE joy and grief are transient,
and ease and pain, transient ;
And because the fruits of labour
are not enduring,

And the days of a man's life, not everlasting :
Man demands that something shall be
eternal ;

And in that demanding he creates an eternity
for his soul.

BIRTH AND DEATH



MAN'S birth is not his coming into the world, but his coming into life ;
His coming into the world is often accidental ; but his coming into life is generally dependent on some supreme effort of his own.

They, who harden their hearts, become dead many years before their tale of life is done ;

As they will not bear others' sorrows, they do not know that sorrow-bearing keeps the heart alive ;

And they measure their lives by length instead of by vitality.

REBIRTH

I WAS walking in my sleep, with
my brother of brothers,
On the yellow strand of a clear
green sea.

At a little distance from us, a multitude of
folk moved and moved, and arranged them-
selves in circles.

They were all naked, and scanned each other
in dismay and disgust ;

Yet they formed themselves into groups, and
ruefully took hands.

And I looked up, and saw Truth sitting on a
great rock ;

She was naked and terrible ; and she gazed
on the multitude.

Her inexorable look was not withstood by
any being on the strand ;

And, whenever she looked at any one, he
joined the group of his affinities ;

The priest and the roysterer, the prostitute
and the legally married woman, the drunken
tramp and the dissolute lord, took hands,

According to reality, and not according to
appearance ;

And, where Truth pointed, they plunged into
the clear green sea,

And returned as a group of innocent
children.

As each group emerged, it passed through
the other groups,

And climbed the cliffs, and disappeared,

Leaving room for innumerable comers to
tread the strand and plunge in the sea, for their
rebirth into innocence.

And the sea rolled into a wave and mingled
with the sky ;

And the sky rolled into a wave and mingled
with the sea.

Then Truth turned to me and to my brother
of brothers,

And uttered the commandment : “ Write
these things in a book.”

MARRIAGES

THE greatest infamy under heaven is
an unholy marriage ;

The greatest blessedness under
heaven is a holy marriage of heart,
mind, or soul, or of all three in a dual trinity.

Nothing can sanctify the purely physical tie
that constitutes most legal marriages.

The satisfaction of animal lust at the expense
of two souls, or the mutual convenience of
shared labour and shared means of living, at
the price of bodily surrender, can never fail to
have disastrous results.

Marriage is the entire giving of two lives
to each other for the completeness of an offering
to their indwelling God.

At every marriage feast, the water of life may
be turned into the wine of life, if Love be there
to transform it ;

If Love be not there, the bride and the bride-
groom, the guests, and the servants, and the
children that shall be born in the house of the
marriage feast, will go cheerless and joyless
during all their sojourning in that loveless
household,

Through lacking the divine glow of the
transformed water of life.

FOOD

MAN is so habituated to act that he forgets to live, and neglects to nourish himself on the things whereby he can live.

He feeds his body, and starves his mind ; he pampers his flesh, and ignores his spirit ;

Yet he is surprised to find himself the victim of living-death.

Religion is the bread of life, and Art its wine ; and it is possible to live without the wine, but not without the bread.

The bread and the wine are provided by Nature, and only need man's careful cultivation, to bring them to a state of divine perfection,

So that man may live the life of God, by reason of subsistence on sacramental food.

CONDITIONS OF LIVING



DO not want to live one day after
the day

When I do not feel every man's
sorrow as much as I feel my own
sorrow ;

Or one day after the day

When I do not feel his sin to be my own
sin ;

Nor one day after the day

When I cannot feel his pain in my flesh.

I do not want to walk abroad on any day

When I cannot find the air peopled with
radiant beings—

The spirits of the sun and of the rain, of the
wind, and of the dew,

And the myriad spirits that bring me com-
prehensible messages

From my adored, incomprehensible God.

EXTENSIONS OF LIFE

LIFE is a tale that insists on being told :

If a man does not tell it with his lips, he will tell it with his eyes, his countenance, his handiwork, or with the creations of his brain.

There is no life that does not find some form of expression.

Life is extended by every vision of beauty ; and the universe is glorified by every extension of life.

When man learns to discern beauty, and wanders in search of it, and bows in worship to it,

He not only gives pleasure to himself and his friends,

But he helps his Creator to people the universe according to His divine pleasure.

ALLIANCES



MAN in his lifetime makes many alliances :


Of convenience with his neighbours, advantage with his fellow-traders, sympathy with his friends, familiarity with his kindred, intimacy with his servants.

He feels the necessity of co-operation with those around him, lest he be stranded, a helpless unit, by the tide of life, on an alien shore ;

Yet he does not ally himself with the invisible soul of the universe, that his life may flow in the rhythms of God.

III

ASPECTS

 HERE is not a changing aspect of the beauty of day and of night, that does not bring a lover some new aspect of his Beloved's thought ;

For all thought, that is alive, is a part of the everlasting change that is eternal creation.

And man sees life through the glass of his Beloved's personality ;

Through that magical glass, everything, that he sees, falls into a picture,

That is beautiful, grotesque, terrible, flat, or uninspiring, according to the nature and inherent qualities of his Beloved.

LADDERS



SAW a man sorting and planing and carefully fitting together the wood of his experience, cut from life's trees.

And I asked him : " What are you doing ? "

And he answered : " I am making ladders."

" Who will use the ladders ? "


" I will use the ladders, and will lend them to any who are in need of them, and who will accept the loan of them."

" Of what use are the ladders ? "

" They are for mounting to heaven for companionship with God, and for descending into hell to bring the damned thence."

Then I went into my forest, and began carefully and advisedly to cut trees and season wood to make into ladders of experience.

TIDES

 JOY cannot swell to flood, without breaking into waves of thankfulness. He, who is not thankful, is not joyful, nor capable of joy, but only of pleasure.

Sorrow cannot swell to flood, without breaking into waves of sympathy.

He, who is not sympathetic, is not sorrowful, nor capable of sorrow, but only of grief.

The tides of joy and sorrow are the tides that irrigate the wilderness of the world,
Till it blossoms into beauty.

BATHING

MOST men's diseases are the result of not bathing long and frequently.

A man needs complete renewing of his entire self every day of his life.

He, who is tainted with worldliness, must cast away his garment of appearance, and plunge in the stream of sincerity, and henceforth walk naked and unashamed and untrammelled in the sight of his Creator.

He, who is indifferent and selfish, must bathe in the dews of affection, for the renewing of his hard heart.

He, who is gay and cruel, must wash himself clean in the waters of affliction, that flow through the valley of tribulation.

He, who makes a god of sorrow, must stand in the spray of the rainbow fountain of other men's joys.

And every man born must bathe in the showering sunlight of the love of his merciful God.

THE SHEET

THE sheet, that is laid on a baby's cradle, expands as the baby grows, and covers every bed on which he ever lies from the day of his birth to the day of his death,

Whether he dies in youth, or lives to be aged.

But the sheet does not outlast him ; for every man is buried with the sheet for his shroud.

THE BED

MAN'S bed is made by his ancestors ;
He may make himself a pillow
and a coverlet, to give him a little
ease and warmth, if the bed is too
hard, or its coverings too scanty ;

But it takes him a lifetime to gain a little
respite from the deficiency, or the superfluity,
in quality or in size, of his ancestral bed.

THE DROVER

GOD is the Drover of man's will to His incomprehensible ends.


If the will starts aside from the staff of the Drover, that would guard and lead it,

It is maimed in a hedge of besetments, or drowned in a swamp of uncleanness, or lost in a forest of indecision ;

And the herd must go on without it, to the end of the Drover's journey,

And the whole of creation be marred by the loss of it.

THE TOWER

 HERE is no up-builder of the tower of a man's mind so strong and so little affected by the onslaughts of Time, as the passion of self-restraint.

By the help of this up-builder, man lives through all his lives on ever higher planes, with ever wider vision, and ever purer atmosphere.

He, who has this passion for his master-builder, ever mounts with him, in the ever-rising tower, that will never be finished in this life or in any other life.

TORCHES



HERE are the torches, that man sees
burning on the dark roads of life,
kindled ?

Who lights the torches, and how
long will they burn ?

And is there any road where there is no
torch ?

The torches are the emotions of pity and
mercy and love ;

The torches are the passions of duty and
sacrifice and devotion ;


The torches are the prayers of the blessed
living and dead.

They are all kindled at the flaming heart of
God, the universal Sun.

Man lights the torches, one by one, at the
divine Fire ; and they will burn for ever, being
inextinguishable by reason of their nature and
the nature of the Fire at which they are lighted.

And there is not any road, in any of the
worlds, where there are no torches.

THE SOUL'S RIDER

 THE free soul submits to only one Rider.

It may be captured by Love, the only pursuer that can approach it—for it moves swiftly—and ridden for a day, an hour, a moment ;

But it will throw Love, and snap his bit between its teeth ;

It will shake itself free of his saddle and bridle ; and roam the desert, unriden by any but its Rider, God.

IV

IDENTITY

I MYSELF have lived, and do ever
live, as many lives as I know folk :
I live the life of every one I know :
I strive in his struggles, and I hug
myself in his complacency ;

I participate in his vanities, and I commit
his crimes, and I share his miseries ;

I am small or great, indifferent or eager,
according to his outlook and to his activities ;

I move in his sphere ; and, at every moment,
I would give to him, as he gives to me, the
breath of experience.

Whoever I know becomes a part of me ; for
I am fluid, plastic, mobile.

Yet, somewhere in my being, I am I, un-
changing,

Constant to my motive, faithful to my God.

BELIEF



VERY man is what he believes—no more, and no less.

If he believes in God, he will live as God.

If he believes in eternity, he will live in it.

It is impossible to separate a man from his beliefs.

He may say : “ I believe in this and in that ” ;

But his life is the only test of his beliefs.

THE SOUL AND HER LOVERS

EVERY soul has two lovers that woo her continually—the sense and the spirit.

She has not much peace ; for their wooing throws her into a continual state of making up her mind.

They are the children of one mother, but of different fathers ;

Their forms are unlike ; for each resembles his father ;

But their voices are alike ; for both have the voice of their mother.

It is sometimes difficult for the soul to distinguish between her lovers.

In the streaming sunlight and in the flowing moonlight, it is easy for her to know which is which of her lovers ;

But in the spreading darkness, palpitating with mystery—the mystery of the unseen—

When she cannot see them, but can only hear a voice,

And the one lover prints on her hand the kiss of devotion,

And the other lover begs her to be his eternal bride,

She may be bewildered and shaken, until the coming of the faint dawn-light adds sight to

hearing, and offers discernment in the place of indecision.


The choosing is not momentary ; and there is no conclusive betrothal and final marriage ;

For the choosing takes a lifetime, and only Death can be the seal of the betrothal.

The marriage fruition, with either lover, is a matter of faith in this life ;

And a matter of realisation in the life beyond the grave.

THE INFORMER

 HE soul is the informer of being—
the day-sentinel—the night-watch-
man.

When a man falls into error, the
soul alone is at fault ;

When he gets into trouble, he either curses
or pities his inoffensive body, or his vacillating
mind, as the source of his misfortune ;

But, if he would pause and think, he might
realise that it is the soul that presents every-
thing to the body, and offers everything to the
mind, for their rejection or acceptance.

MORALITY

MMORALITY is not a question of law or of dogma,
But of fitting action at the psychological moment by the peculiar parties to whom it is owed.

Morality supersedes legality, as life supersedes death.

Morality has no dealings with any pernicious habit, nor with bondage, possession, and degrading customs of fee and ceremony :

The only question it asks of its pure disciples is : " Can you, and do you, love ? "

DUTIES



HERE is nothing in which a man is so frequently misjudged, as in his peculiar duties.

Man thinks every other man has the same duties as himself, and tries to coerce him into his own line of action,

Thus destroying mutual confidence, his own power of insight, and the universal scheme of divine personality.

If man would do his own duty, instead of insanely inciting other men to do his duty,

The universal scheme of divine personality would blossom into the myriad varieties conceived by the Eternal Mind,

And the world would become a garden of God.

CHARACTER

MOST men's characters are void and featureless because they are undeveloped.

Men are afraid of whatever develops character ; so they avoid love, labour, and imagination, and any influence that might make them into entities ;

They avoid the ideas that might give them opinions, and the experience that might give them principle.

They abhor those whose characters have been developed, for they are afraid of being drawn into the circle of events that might awaken their souls from the dead.

Principle is a buttress without which life falls into dishonourable ruins.

Nothing is a principle unless it is worth living for or dying for ; and a man can only begin to be strong by his honest choice of principle.

MAN'S CHIEF CARE

MAN'S chief care is to avoid suffering—
Not other men's suffering, but his
own suffering.

To safeguard himself, and to insure himself as little pain as may be,

He causes the world around him—both those he loves and those he hates—

To suffer as much as possible.

If man would share the suffering of the world at large,

The sum of suffering to each individual would be infinitely small, and would ultimately vanish.

Have courage, O man, to bear your own pain and a share of the world's pain,

That life's anguish may the sooner die away.

MISPLACED

MAN is careful of his possessions :
He guards his house against theft
and misuse, and against flood and
fire ; and purifies it from dust, and
preserves it from decay ;

He makes cleanliness a religion with regard
to his clothing, and a god with regard to his
body ;

He inflicts dire penalty, if any frustrate him
in his care of his possessions.

Yet he robs his soul :

He allows the harlot to wound his love, and
the drunkard to corrupt his sensibilities, and
the adventurer to experiment upon his emo-
tions.

If man could distinguish between the tem-
porary and the eternal, he might flee his house,
to defend his soul.

THE BALL

I SAW a vast number of men trying to move a great ball ;
And I asked them : “ What is the ball ? And where are you trying to roll it ? And why does the ball not move ? ”

And they answered : “ The ball is the sum of the miseries of mankind ;

And we are trying to roll it over the edge of the world into the abyss of oblivion.

The ball does not move yet, because too few men are here to push it.”

And I said : “ May I help ? ”

And they answered : “ The massed strength of millions is formed of individual efforts.”

OPTIMISTS

FOLK think it their duty to cultivate and display a cheerful optimism ;

Their placid lives and their pleasant inexperience fling at others' troubled lives and their dolorous experience the half-mocking, half-earnest exhortations : " Come, be cheery ! " " One's here to be jolly ! "

They are too indifferent, timid, and selfish to face the dark side of life, or too ignorant to know there is a dark side.

In effect they say : " God made things as they are, and found them good ; we also find them good, and thankfully enjoy them : if others find them evil, then let God, Who made them, amend them."

And if they have qualms of personal responsibility for the world's misery, they set about curing the surface symptoms, instead of the deep-seated disease.

TEMPERAMENTAL DIFFERENCES

MEN expect too much of one another :
They expect those who are capable
of large benevolences to be capable
also of small tolerances ;

They expect the doer to be the sayer, and the
sayer to be the doer ;

They expect the actor to be the liver, and the
liver to live as gracefully as the actor.

The world would be happier if men would
curb their expectations of one another to the
limit of one another's capabilities.

The cause of most everyday discord is the
inadaptability of one man to another :

If men would recognise their temperamental
differences, and tolerate each other's tempera-
mental ideas, the world would become a
harvest-field instead of a battlefield ; and
admiration and reverence would vanquish
jealousy.

RESPONSIBILITIES



THEY, who do not need to work for their own living, are under an obligation to work for others' living.

They, whose paths are plain, are bound to remove the hindrances from others' paths.

They, who have no sorrows, need to share others' sorrows.

They, who have inherited wealth, are bound to feed the poor.

They, who have found the way to God, are bound to show it.

Every man is responsible for each man's sin, and for each man's disease and insanity ;

It is the shirking of this responsibility that mars the brotherhood of men, and makes the human race a divided household.

THE PARTNERS



IN and respectability are never out of fashion, and through that bond are the best of good friends.

Sin helps respectability to enjoy itself covertly in every dishonourable way ;

Respectability lends sin decent clothes and decorous houses, and teaches sin its language, manners, and appearance.

By reason of their union the partners are able to make the most of their time.

As they know that they would fare meanly apart, they devote themselves ardently to serving each other :

They are so faithful to one another, that it is difficult to find the one without meeting the other.

MAN AND GOD

MAN is a dream within the dream of
God ;
Man is a spark from out the fire
of God ;

Man is a breath upon the wind of God ;

Man is a thought of the wide mind of God ;


Man is a beat of the dear heart of God.

Man, who is a dream, a spark, a breath, a
thought, a heart-beat,

Comes and goes, and is evolved and absorbed,
anew and anew, .

From and into the everlastingness of God.

THE HAND

HE universe is the Hand of God,
working its will on the individual
soul ;

But if the soul writhes and
struggles in its grasp, and opposes the divine
will,

The universe must extend its patience, from
method to method, through æon on æon, by
lives and by deaths,

Until the soul is ready to be merged forever
in its beneficent Creator.

CULPRIT MAN

MAN apologises for God, instead of declaring Him boldly, and apologising for himself.

Man blames Providence for his misfortunes ; and accuses his fellow-men of his own sins.

He does not stand up bravely, and say :
“ This is my fault ; ” but he says, rather :
“ Circumstances have been against me ; ”
“ Alas, my temptations ! ” “ ’Tis an imperfect Deity that creates man imperfect, and showers misery on the world.”

Man arraigns his great God before his little mind, and judges Him by his low standards, and condemns Him to exclusion from his narrow life.

BEING GOOD



THE greatest good any man can do is
to be good.

It is better to be good, than to
succour the poor at the expense of
home and kindred ;

It is better to be good, than to haunt the
churches ;

It is better to be good, than to preach the
salvation of the world at large ;

For being good is being God ;

But doing good may be sowing damnation.

EMOTIONS

EVERY false emotion sets a gaping chasm between the heart and the soul, and creates a reluctance, on the part of both, to meet with each other, because of the difficulty of building a bridge to cross the chasm.

Every real emotion forges a lasting bond between the heart and the soul, and creates a desire, on the part of both, to become allied in an irrevocable marriage.

DULNESS

MAN is content to live the dullest life, shut in the prison of his spiritless thoughts.

Yet a Voice without cries to him continually : “ Come forth, into the ecstasy of love, wherein man is the creator of innumerable ecstasies that can people his world with radiant presences.”

No man is born deaf to the Voice ; yet many hear it with unbelief or indifference, and few come forth into the sunlight of joy.

Man ever lives on the border of an undiscovered country ;

He thinks the country is far away, and that he will need more time, money, and energy, before he can become an explorer.

If he would look on reality instead of on semblance, through the eyes of interest instead of through the eyes of indifference,

He might wander in that country, from beauty to beauty, from wonder to wonder, from knowledge to knowledge, both in his present and in all future lives.

The dullard goes through life, perceiving neither gods nor men, but only beasts ;

He sees no gods, because he does not look for them ;

He sees no men, because he does not believe in virtue, having never striven for it ;

He places every one in his own soulless category.

His disease arises from not having cultivated his imagination.

SOURCES OF INTEREST

MAN loses interest in whatever he does, unless it leads to further achievement ;

He will enter no valley that does not offer a track up the mountain-side ;

He will climb no mountain that does not lead to the clouds ;

He will sail on no stream that does not reach the ocean ;

He will embark on no sea that has no undiscovered islands.

Man consents to live because, any day may show him mysterious and almighty secrets ;

And man dies with a cheerful curiosity as to what Death has in store for him.

Man tires of everything he has investigated to the utmost ;

Whatever would preserve man's faithful adoration must reserve within itself innumerable and fateful surprises, and must be capable of progressive developments ;

And must not fling its confidences on the score of winds that are ready to take them.

Man has ever sought, and will ever seek, the Eternal God—the source of his being—

Because of His hiding Himself within the folds of mystery.

FORTUNES

NO man can live on the level of his fortunes :

He must either rise above them or sink beneath them.

Most men sink beneath the weight of riches, or beneath the burden of poverty ; but a few throw aside whichever of the burdens they happen to have been born with,

And wander naked and sincere on the heights above their own fortunes or any man's fortunes ;

And these few say that on those heights there are air and health and sanity.

ESCAPE

MEMORY may be a prison from which man escapes to new adventures.

If memory is cruel and unrelenting, man will languish and die within its unwholesome walls.

It behoves every prisoner to make his escape, even at the risk of his life, into the open air of the universal idea, on to the open road of the fellowship of man, to the goal of life—the arms and the breast of the Mother.

THE GRAVEYARD

MEMORY is the graveyard where man buries his past—his delight, his sorrow, his mistakes, his triumphs, from the eyes of the passers-by.

Lest his graveyard should be an eyesore to his fellow-men, he tends and cherishes it, and plants it with flowers,

So that many a passer-by cries : “ The beautiful garden ! ”

And enters and rests, in a pause in his way-faring.

INTIMATIONS OF GOD

YOU tell me with a pitying smile :
“ There is no God ! ”
And I ask you, with confidence in
your ultimate conviction of His
existence :

“ Whence came the beautiful accidents that transformed your life beyond your highest hopes ?

“ Whence came the surprising miracles that saved you from despair and its inseparable comrade, Death ?

“ Whence come the currents of pity, mercy, forbearance, that move you without your will, and make your actions better than your intentions ?

“ Why are you not as selfish as you have the means of being ?

“ Why are you human, and not merely an animal ? ”

THE FOOL



NE of the ancients has written that the fool has said in his heart :
“ There is no God ! ”

But it is the fool who learns that there is a God ;

The wise takes it for granted, as he takes his own existence, without wonder and ecstasy of oneness with his Creator.

The fool tries all things, to prove his existence,


And, through wonder and terror, joy and amazement, he learns that there is a God ;

And he becomes God, through his knowledge of good and evil ;

And, in the end, he possesses the divine secrets.

v

THE NATURE OF LOVE



HE exchanging of love for love is the
purest traffic in the world ;
No man can love, until he learns
that love has nothing to do with
advantage ;

Where there is material benefit in any human relationship, a man may well search himself as to the sincerity of his love.

Love is the eternal verity in a world that is fugitive ;

And no man need say he has nothing, for every man can have love,

Love of Nature, Art, Humanity, and God.

Nothing, that can happen, can take away love from a man's heart.

Love outwears all differences, overcomes all distinctions, and ignores time and death ;

It vanquishes doubt and dismay, and survives denial and reproach ;

It shields its betrayers, and forgives all, because it understands all.

The secret of love's omniscience is, that love is as surely God, as God is love.

LOVING

WHAT and whom you love, make you what you are ;

For no one can escape the influence of his dominating passions in the shaping of his character.

If you love nothing and no one, then you become nothing, and pass into oblivion.

If you give love to the morning of every day, to make the world happier,

And give love to the evening of each succeeding night, to make the world more peaceful,

You will find that the more you give love abroad, the more you will have love at home.

All love is love of God, taking innumerable forms, as love of man, love of labour, love of beauty, love of persistent righteousness,

And you eventually become what you love.

THE PIPER

LOVE is a player, piping to the stars.
The world is too busy, or too idle,
to hear the piping ; and when it
does hear it occasionally, it is disturbed and vexed by the wild note,

And drugs itself to sleep, or buries itself in discordant noises.

But the earth loves the player's piping, and tells the player all its secrets, even its specially great secret—the way to be happy.

If the world would listen to the player's piping, it might hear the secrets that the earth loves the player to sing to the stars,

And, in that hearing, relieve its heart of the burdens of time and death.

THE LOVE OF GOD

MEN think that the " Love of God " is a phrase on the lips of the priests of an obsolete religion ;

They do not understand that the Love of God is the kindness of their friends, the affection of their animals, the privilege of parenthood, the glow of health, the perception of beauty, the will to labour, the ability to sacrifice, the faculty to imagine, the power to love.

The Love of God is indivisible from the air that any man breathes.

RELIGION AND LOVE



WOE unto those who are not better than the religion they profess !

Every formulated religion becomes lifeless as soon as it crystallises into dogmas.

There is no real religion other than the living worship of the living God by a man's entire being.

Religion cannot exist without love ; and love cannot exist without religion.

Many consider religion an implacable enemy to love, and so shun it, as a prosecutor, a judge, a gaoler—not having discovered the bond of eternal amity between them.

Many think that love is a crime against religion, and so shun it, as a perverter, a thief, an assassin.

But religion and love are imperfect, without a continual passing of the one into the other.

SEX-LOVE

EVERY sensate being worships the indivisible Trinity of Desire, Passion, and Love.

Every insensate being ignores the Trinity, or devotes itself to but one of its elements,

And so lives through a disastrous, unrestful or enfeebled existence.

Each element of the Trinity is interchangeable with the others,

Through the mediums of a man's heart and his disciplined or undisciplined will.

The greatest of the three elements—their creator and their master—is Love.

He, who bows only to Desire, may become cruel ;

He, who bows only to Passion, may become selfish ;

But he, who learns the relation of Desire and Passion and Love—

In the predominance of Love, that is wholly unselfish, over Desire and Passion, that are more or less selfish,

And bows to Love, as the creator and director of the other elements,

Cannot fail to dwell in the holy of holies of the indivisible Trinity.

WEDDED LOVE

SENSATION is a wandering and unstable impulse : and passion is a personal and persistent purpose ;

There is no greater mistake than in confusing the one with the other, for that confusion is responsible for all the sins against love.

There is no such thing as legal marriage, which is the merest fiction, invented in the interests of greed and sensuality.

The legally married, except an infinitesimal proportion of them, live lives lower than the lives of the brutes :

They eat, drink, and sleep together, for the sake of convenience, or because of insensibility, not realising that neither legal marriage, nor sacerdotal marriage, can be valid, without holy passion.

It is impossible to live fully, without loving ; but it is possible to live without being loved.

To love is a divine habit : to be loved is a divine surprise—a surprise that is not momentary, but eternal ;

And there is no holier marriage than the marriage of the habit with the surprise.

Man walks soberly and austere along a sombre path, without love : that is the will of God ;

Or he dances, joy-intoxicated, in a sunlit meadow, with love : and that also is the will of God.

The world has difficulty in distinguishing between impropriety and immorality, and immorality and vice :

It fails to see that impropriety is a lapse of the customary ; immorality, a lapse of legality ; and vice, a lapse of the law of nature and of the will of God.

When the world ceases to confound the three lapses, good and evil will be disentangled, and happiness will overspread the face of the earth.

The beginning of wedded love is the passing of misery ; for a lover forgets the years when he did not know love, as completely as he has forgotten the centuries before he was born ;

And he remembers the hours since he knew love, as clearly as he will remember the æons after he is dead.

LOVERS


NO one is a lover of Beauty, who has not gone hungry and barefoot for her sake.

No one is a lover of man, who has not hung upon a cross for him.

No one is a lover of God, who has not given up man for Him.

Yet the world is full of lovers, and life is fed by their sacrifices.

TENDERNESS

 TENDERNESS is the glow from sacrificial burnings,
Whereby the naked are warmed
and the lost are lighted.

Tenderness is the bloom upon the fruit of suffering,

Whereby the world is enabled to see the beauty of renunciation, and to cultivate the tree of patience in the soil of endeavour.

Tenderness is the water of everlasting life, that restores the dying, in their physical or mental decay.

Tenderness is the flowering of Godhead in manhood.

The more need there is for tenderness, the greater opportunity there is to love ;

The more need there is for pity, the greater occasion there is for mercy ;

The unloving and the unmerciful rob mankind of the due of humanity,

And deform their own natures till only re-creation can amend them.

VI


THE COMPANION

MEN would cease to complain,
If they could realise that in every
sorrow, illness, and thwarting,
Their God suffers with them.

They cry to themselves and to others :
“ Why am I afflicted ? I have not wooed this
misfortune ; ”

Instead of turning to their God,
And commiserating His participation in their
agonies and rebuffs.

TRAVELLERS

HEY, who are deadened by the world,
ride abroad in their whim-built
carriages, with all the luxury they
can devise ;

And they see nothing but the upholstery of
their cars.

They, who are quickened by the earth, ride
abroad in the chariot of the sun, and sail in
the boat of the moon,

Without the impediment of luxury,
From the curb-stone of their daily tramp, or
from the shore of their pallet-bed.

FELLOW-TRAVELLING

NO man reaches either heaven or hell
alone ; for the paths to both are
unbearably lonely,

And no human soul will leave his
native earth, to venture alone on either ;

So it is well for man to pause and consider,
before he begins his journey, where he is going,
and who he is taking with him.

POTENTIALITIES



TEAR, a smile, a word uttered with hesitant lips, may effect greater things than a book of polished sentences.

A finger pointed in indication may achieve more than volumes of printed travel-lore.


An unexpected indication at any turn of the road may alter the trend of a man's whole life.

If you were to ask any man what was the turning of the tide of lust, revenge, anger, or greed from the shore of his hidden life,

He would tell you some incredible tale of the look in a stranger-woman's eyes, of a child's kisses, of the thought of his brother, of his friend's poverty, of the cool breath of his own soul—afoot, seeking him.

What you love, what you rise to, what you appreciate, what you seek, may, at any chance moment, swell or repel the tide of evil in your heart.

VARIETY

 SINCE earth sprang from the sun, no two dawns have been alike ;
Since mankind existed, no two human beings have been alike ;

In the life of the longest liver, no two days have been the same ;

It is probable that, since the springing of verdure, no two blades of grass have been alike ;

Yet men are unreasonable enough to expect their Gods to be the same.

DENIAL

WHEN the most desirable thing in life
is continually denied you,
Remember the inappeasable long-
ings of former days,

And that, when your desire was granted,
You found it was not worth having ;

And that when your desire was not granted,
You found content and self-reliance.

There are many who will tell you that their
greatest thankfulness

Is because of providential denial.

LEARNING

A MASTER must learn before teaching ; a guide must travel before leading ; a preacher must think before speaking ; a sacrificer must die to self before living for others ; a lover must love man before he can love God :

Yet how few take account of the elementary preliminaries of a calling, an office, a relationship ; and how many are astonished that their lives fall below their expectations.

The woes of humanity further man's education in unselfishness and revolt :

If he will not learn to sympathise with the oppressed, and to oppose their oppressors, in the life he is conscious of, he will have much to learn in the life he is unconscious of ;

But if he lives as a redeemer in the life he knows, he will live as a God in the unknown life.

The more man learns, the more he realises there is to be learned ; for every path of knowledge reveals a landscape of wisdom, to be explored with heart and brain :

There is no limit to what man may eventually learn.

THE FRUITS OF SHAME

MAN is ashamed to be naked as to his opinions, aims, tastes, and ideas ;
So he clothes himself with the fig-leaves of custom and subservience to the world's ideas.

Life lacks strength and variety, because man makes no effort to develop his originality, and superficially adopts current religions, to save himself the trouble of evolving one of his own from his multitudinous experiences ;

And maims his mind and suffocates his soul by compressing them to the limits of his nation's social idea.

He becomes a victim to the will of man, instead of a leaguer of the divine commandment, which decrees that every man shall be original and entirely different from every other man.

If God had wished every man to be alike, to think alike, and to act alike, He would have made every man wearisomely like every other man.

It is impossible for two human beings to have the same religion, or the same point of view, without deforming themselves or distorting the view.

Man is born to express the variety of the millionfold mind of God.

SELLING AND GIVING

IN the dark ages, men sold themselves to the devil ;


But nowadays they sell themselves to a score of devils—to every devil they can devise, and, in devising, create.

They sell themselves to wealth, at the price of honesty ; to fame, at the price of insincerity ; and to pleasure, at the price of life.

If, instead, they would give themselves to God and to man, they would receive themselves, and God, and man, and the seen and the unseen universe.

Heaven will exist everywhere, when men cease to devise devils to sell themselves to, and imagine God and see man and give themselves to them.

REALISATION

 HE knowledge of a fact may leave a man cold ; but the realisation of it may burn him to ashes.

Life is a spectacle, until a man has taken part in it ;

Death is a pageant, until it has overshadowed a man's own house ;

Love is a song, a dream, a picture, until it has entered a man's heart ;


And religion is a shadow until it is interwoven with a man's soul.

Fact is of no value, unless it is able to act upon the imagination ;

Its only worth is in its being a pinnacle from which a man may soar into the skies, or a standpoint from which a man may dive into the depths,

In his journeys of exploration of the manifold mind of God.

THE EXCHANGER

 HERE is a fool who goes about the world offering men his joys in exchange for their sorrows.

He is no loser by giving away joy,
For, whenever he plucks a joy and gives it away,

Other joys spring on the branches of his heart.

Other men's sorrows do not burden him,
For he buries them deep, to fertilise springing joys.

APOLOGIES



IMPLICITY needs no apology.

Duplicity needs every apology it can think of making :

It needs a painted face and an artificial figure, a flattering tongue and an acquisitive hand, a fictitious income and mean splendour ;

It needs the seat of tradition, and the support of convention, and the passport of style.

The whole of a man's time is needed, to make the apologies in.

Every act of duplicity makes sincerity more difficult ;

For the isolated acts grow into a continual habit,

Until, from being an occasional truth-teller, a man becomes an habitual liar,

And is ashamed of simplicity, and proud of duplicity.

DECISIONS

MEN'S lives are lost in the welter of nothingness,
Because they will not compel themselves to come to decisions.

The taper of their spirit burns out while they are deciding what to do with the light.

The substance of their mind becomes rotted by hesitation.

The keenness of their body becomes dulled by indolence.

The purpose of their soul becomes blunted by disuse.

It is a grievous waste, when life, that is so miraculous, and has such illimitable possibilities,

Lapses into nothingness.

THE CLEAR-EYED

MAN forgets that Truth, being clear-souled, is clear-eyed ;


So he seeks to disguise himself,
his diseases, occupations, origin,
deficiencies, and failures,

By means of clothes, words, tricks, and
externals of every kind.

Let him realise that Truth sees him, not only
without clothes, but also without his body :

Then he will not grovel in base pretence,
But will arise, and look Truth in the face.

TRUTH TO NATURE



THE chief source of mankind's unhappiness and sin and poverty, is its being ashamed of its relation to Nature.

If man acknowledged his Mother, Nature, he would lose his smallness in her greatness ;

If he hearkened to Nature, he would have fewer temptations ;

If he lived according to Nature, there need be no rich and no poor, and mankind could redeem itself from the perpetual disgrace of unnecessary poverty.

By living according to Nature, man might justify his Creator, in His unfathomable design.

Man is so unprincipled, that he does not realise his debt to Nature :

He makes no note of it, and does not strive to repay it ;

He is ashamed of it, and tries to ignore it ;

He deadens his consciousness of it by exerting himself to pay, instead, an imaginary debt to the world.

But, in the end, the grave takes a fraction of the debt on behalf of Nature.

THE NEW WORLD

MEN long for a new world, and plan it,
and talk about it ;
They know what they want, they
know where it is, and they know
how to get it ;


Yet they allow their feet to grow heavy with
the dust of the old, old world of which they are
right weary.

If they would withdraw their feet from their
heavy shoes of tradition and prejudice,

And leap into the air, and lay hold on the
world that is just above them,

They would find their woes were all at an
end.

THE INN

 HERE is an inn at which I stay at
the end of every journey :

I have never been anywhere, but,
on my return, I found that inn
awaiting me,

With a place for me at table, a chamber and
a bed for me,

And an accumulation of friendly and work-a-
day letters, and portions of the world-chronicle.

My host is a silent man, whom I have never
heard speak ;

But he greets me with a smile whenever I
return.

When I come to the end of my journeyings
through the penalty of age,

I know that I shall remain at peace in the
inn, where I have always felt at home, and
always found a welcome.

PRIDE




HE only legitimate pride a man may have,
Is pride in the knowledge that his Creator has made him of the identical stuff of stars and suns,

And that his Creator can make such diverse objects out of the same fused substances.

Yet most men are proud of, instead of being thankful for, their privileges and advantages and blessings.

GRATITUDE

 HE animals show gratitude when they are pleased ; but man takes everything as his right.

He is not grateful, because he is not pleased ; or, if he is pleased, he is too indifferent or too indolent to express his gratitude, and too proud to offer thanks, lest it should seem as though he were a beggar.

The generous live by admiring ; the mean live on admiration.

The generous exalt other men to the heights of their possibilities, and humble themselves before them ;

The mean try to dethrone other men from their habitual place, and to step into it themselves.

They, who will not receive, should not give themselves the pleasure of giving ;

They limit others' power to give ; and they foster in themselves a peculiar pride, that is as offensive as the want of pride that goes a-hunting for gifts.

The magnanimous are unconscious of their generosities, and are afraid of being ungenerous ;

Through this fear, they begrudge themselves food and clothes, rest and recreation, thus

giving their lives for their fellow-beings or for some magnificent idea.

Unpremeditated generosity is easy to carry out ; for to give and to help are natural impulses, and the benefactor does not foresee the long road of sacrifice his generosity sends him on.

Premeditated generosity is the noblest thing in life ; for the benefactor foresees the pain and poverty he must undergo to carry out his divine schemes, and deliberately accepts them.

One way in which a man can thank his saviours is by rescuing his destroyers ;

His saviours have no need of him ; but his destroyers have great need of him.

The law of gratitude demands that a man must pass on all kindness, done to himself, to some one else in need of it.

REQUISITE GROWTH

NO friendship can be maintained without continual development on the part of both the friends ;

And no friendship can grow without the fascination of the impossibility of completing the summary of a friend's possibilities.

If one life becomes stationary, physical or spiritual meetings become a weariness to the one and a pain to the other ;

The thin veil of gossip is worn to hide the features ;

The cord of intercourse is strained until it snaps ; and the one friend runs forward, and the other falls back.

VII

SACRED STONES

FROM each of a man's wanderings he may bring a stone, to help to build the city of God :

No stone is acceptable that is not precious through being unique and flawlessly beautiful in formation and workmanship.

God will only have His city built by man, for Himself and man to dwell in ;

And He has formed the stones with patience and care, and scattered them about the earth, so that every man has an opportunity of finding some.

Man must seek the stones, and find, and fashion them with patience and care, if he would do his share in building the city of God.

DWELLERS IN HEAVEN



HEY, who live in heaven, leave all its gates open, for any one to enter and enjoy their paradise.

They know that they may safely leave the gates open ; for no evil can enter heaven, and whoever would enter heaven must leave evil behind him before he can cross the threshold.

All, who have entered the heaven of another's heart, make a heaven for themselves, when they go, and leave its gates wide, for passers-by to enter.

HABITATIONS




MAN cannot become God, and God cannot become Almighty, until man understands that the soul inhabits no house, and that God inhabits no temple.

Man spends his life in building houses for the soul and temples for God,

Regardless that the soul is like the air, and God like the moisture that cleanses the air and renews its life.

The soul and God are as much detached from man as they are attached to him.

THE GARDEN OF PEACE

 HE heart is a garden of peace, when man has reclaimed it from the wilderness, and driven out the wild beasts, and built a wall, and made a sluice and led waters to it, and digged and sowed and planted it.

The garden is well worth his care ; for there is no more beautiful one ;

And it bears enough beauty and sustenance for him to live by, and for him to give away ;

And he would not exchange it for anything else in the world.

In that garden, man does not prune his vices, but he uproots them entirely ;

For pruning them would make them appear smaller, but would give them an opportunity of growth ;

And uprooting his vices prepares them for burning in expiatory fires as serviceable fuel.

PERPETUAL ASPIRATION

WHEN I cease to aspire, I cease to be a part of the living God.

If I am conscious of myself, through cold and hunger, pain and nakedness, or the lash of cruelty ;

Or through ease and plenty, unforgiveness, or personal emotion,

I cease to aspire ; and so I cease to be, save as a part of the nothingness and emptiness of night.

But when I aspire,

And ignore poverty, and forgive cruelty, and endure deprivations ;

When I make ease my pavement, and not my pillow ;

When I love my enemies better than my friends ;

I become a part of the living God.

